

Note: This personal account of the evacuation of Battery Wagner was taken from an original manuscript (in author's handwriting) owned by Mrs. E. Roy Daniell, 113 Broad St., Charleston, S.C. It was copied Feb. 21, 1960

The author is John Harleston

September 1902

---BATTERY WAGNER---

I have been often asked what was the "tightest" place you were in during the Civil War. I always answered Battery Wagner, on Morris Island, and I have been in many tight places as a prisoner on U. S. vessels, in the Tombs prison in New York, in Fort Lafayette, in Fort Delaware, and in the Bull Pens of Logans Corps, in North Carolina, and in the Bombardment and defence of Fort Sumter, and in numerous other places, but of all, the last 14 days before Battery Wagner was evacuated, was the worst.

I was then a private in the Charleston Light Dragoons, afterwards Co. "K" 4th S. C. Cavalry. This company was ordered to Charleston from the coast where it had been on duty for a year or more, helping to guard the Charleston & Savannah R.R. at Yemassee, Pocotaligo, Coosawhatchie, and that country, and arrived at that city marching by Rantowles in August, 1863 and camped on the Washington Race Course. On August 20th an order was received from Headquarters ordering a squad of one Sergeant, and six privates to proceed to Morris Island and relieve the Squad doing Courier duty there. And 2d. Sergt B. F. Huger and 14 men were detailed and went to Morris Island that night and relieved Sergt Hyer and Squad from the 5th S. C. Cavalry. In the Year Book for 1884, issued by Mayor Courtenay and written by R. C. Gilchrist, is a piece called the Confederate Defense of Morris Island and giving an account of the Cavalry doing duty there and their duty as Couriers. He says it was done by a Detail of a Lieut. and ten men from Cap. Zimmerman Davis Company. The South Carolina Rangers and who remained until the evacuation, this is certainly an error. I know that Sergt Huger and Squad relieved Lt. or Sergt Hyer on Aug 20th and that the Second Squad of Dragoons, of which I was one, relieved Serg't Huger & Squad on the evening of Aug 31st. Cap Gilchrist was not present at the last days of Battery Wagner, hence this error. I can only remember the names of two of Serg't Huger's Squad. They were A. Burgess Gordon, and Josiah Bedon. I have tried to remember the others but cant. The three above men are all dead. On the morning of the 31 Aug. another Squad was ordered to relieve the one on Morris Island from the Dragoons. This duty being considered especially dangerous, the men were selected by lot. The 2d Squad were Serg't E. C. Holland, Privates Charles E. Pridleau, A. R. Elmore, J. B. Moore, W. H. Faisley, A. R. Taylor, and the 14th mans name I cant remember though I thought I never could forget them.

J. B. Moore was a married man with wife and children (the only married man of the Squad). He was much distressed and I getting permission from Cap Colcock, offered to take his place and ~~add~~ do. This was how I got on the Squad; and had I of known what was ahead I dont know if I should have made the offer, but as I got through in safety I am glad I did.

On the evening of August 31st, about 9 o'clock, the Squad under Sergt Holland reported on Southern wharf with Blankets and Revolvers, nothing else, were put in a row boat with provisions &c for Morris Island where we arrived shortly after and landed on the beach along side of Battery Gregg. As I jumped ashore, the first person I met was Burgess Gordon of Huger's men. He exclaimed good God Harleston are you here. I said yes I am here, and told him about taking Moores place, and he said well old fellow our Boats ready and I thank God I am getting away from this place. I tell you it is hell, hell. The

next moment he was aboard and off.

Now the rest of this I know and saw and although after 40 years, I have forgotten much, I think what I write is nearly correct.

After we landed, we went to Couriers Head Quarters, which was a small low Bomb Proof some 100 yards east of Battery Gregg. It faced the City and was barely large enough to hold our party. We had scarcely got there when there was a call for a Courier. One was wanted to carry the dispatches to Wagner that came from Charleston with us. I don't remember how it happened but I was detailed to carry them. Now I knew nothing about the route or way of getting to Wagner but one of the men garrisoning Gregg told me to take a Horse from the Stable (or pen it was) which was in a corner of the earth works between Courier quarters and Battery Gregg, lead him down to the Beach, keeping close to the Breast works until I struck the water, then mount, turn his head up the beach and let him go. All I had to do was to stick on and the Horse would do the rest, and advised me to ride a little flea bitten Grey whose tail had been cut off by a shell, all but six or 8 inches and was still raw and bloody. I followed his advice and when I got to the end of the curtain wall and near the beach, I jumped on his back, gave him his head and the little Grey was off like the wind. Straight up the Beach we went, until I could see Battery Wagner looming up in the darkness. The Grey made a swerve to the right and in a minute stopped short under the walls of Wagner to the right of the Sallyport before an old Gun carriage that he was accustomed to be hitched to. The stop was so short and unexpected that I shot forward to his ears and came within an ace of going over but recovered myself and got back onto the saddle which I was very glad of for the Sallyport was crowded with soldiers who would have run me to death if I had been thrown. They yelled and cheered and wanted the news for they knew I was a new arrival and were looking out for the first comers. This was my first acquaintance with Battery Wagner. I remained there the balance of the night and came back to Gregg in early morning. We found five Horses at Gregg left by the Squad from the 5th Cavalry. ~~and~~ All if I remember right had been hit by minnie balls, or shell, and were about half the number originally carried down. Of all these five horses, the little Grey was the best. He was never scared by shot or shell. I have seen them bursting all around him until nearly hidden by the smoke. Have seen a 15 inch shell from a monitor strike the beach, making a hole you could put a cart in, ten or a doz yards in front of him, yet he never slackened his pace but swerved to the right of left to avoid the pits and ditches made by the shells.

Serg't Huger made a list of his men, including himself, each man taking his turn to ride as his name came so all know when ~~ex~~ a call came, who was to go. Our Serg't made out a similar list but left his own name off (As he had a right to do, being in charge). He never rode and never saw the inside of Wagner. Our custom was, the man at Wagner remained there day or night until another came up from Gregg. Then the one who had been there, left for Gregg and the last courier remained at Wagner until relieved in the same way. If dispatches were important, two couriers were sent within ten minutes of each other so if one got killed, the other might get through. The distance between Battery Gregg and Wagner was three quarters of a mile, and the ride was straight up the beach until you got about 100 yards from Wagner, then you turned to the right and made for the Sallyport. This ride was always under fire, very heavy at times from Monitors, and the Ironsides along the beach, and from Land

Batteries throwing shells of 100, 200, & 300 pounds, and from the bullets of the sharpshooters, under whose range you came, when a quarter of a mile from the Battery. and the last three or four days, before it was evacuated, it was fearful. Three Monitors, and the Ironsides, anchored off the Beach close in, and spread out along it, never ceased firing, day, and night, it was kept up in same way, I have been in Sumter, and other places, but nothing like this was. I don't think any of us expected to get through, and often bid each other good by, when we started. I remember going down with [Prioleau?] to the starting point, and watching him ride for Wagner. I did not see how he could get through; it was the day before the Island was abandoned. Three Monitors and the Ironsides were lined along the beach, between Gregg & Wagner, and were hurling shells in every direction. You could see the big 15 inch shells as they left the Guns on the Monitors, come swaying along, striking the beach, and exploding, throwing up a cloud of sand, 20 or 30 feet high, and making a hole where they struck, big enough to put a horse and cart in, sometimes they went over into the marsh, sending clouds of mud, and grass, in every way, but we feared the shells from the Ironsides, more than all. She would let off a broadside at a time (8 Guns) and her shells you never could tell anything about until they struck, and then if in their range, nothing could save you. The couriers were in plain view of these vessels when riding in day time, and we used to swear, they fired at us, and when you got near Wagner, it was worse, for here you not only run among all the big shells fired at the Fort, from the ships, and Land batteries, and the little perpendicularly dropping [Coehorn?] mortar shells, but you had to run the chance from the mines, of the sharpshooters, really the worst of all. Yet through all this, only two men were hurt from Sergt Hegers squad, and sent to Hospital, and two from our (Fairloy and Taylor) who were sent to James Island. The wounding of these men left a smaller number to do the work, and it was seldom you were idle, day or night, and for Forty two consecutive hours, this iron hail was falling, and at times the earth trembled like an earthquake. The last days on Morris Island were of simple endurance, and I cant give a better description, than by quoting from the defense of Morris Island from Year Book 1884, "The burning sun of a southern summer, intensified by the reflection of the white sand, scorched, and blistered your body, an intolerable stench from the half buried dead, exposed to sight all around, the swarms of flies attracted by the smell, and blood, the unventilated Bomb proofs crowded with men, many sick, and filled with smoke of Lamps and smell of blood. The din of our own artillery, and the bursting shells of the foe prevented sleep, the food, however good when it left Charleston, by exposure on the wharf there, then on the beach at Cumming's Point, being often forty eight hours in transit, was unfit to eat, and water was scarcer than whisky."

The water supply, obtained from barrels sunk in the sand, soon became unfit for use. Dead bodies were all around, and the water smell, and tasted of them, and was half salt anyhow, a limited supply was brought from the city, but this was kept for the wounded. There were some of these wells some distance below Wagner that were better, but one had to expose himself to reach them, and soon the ships found it out, by the number of men going there, they soon got the range, and shelled these places vigorously, and one risked his life every time he went for water. The way they used to do, was to get all the canteens they could tie on their bodies, and carry, creep on their hands, and knees, a half a mile, fill the canteens, and return in the same way. The suffering of the garrison, and the patient endurance, in the way they bore it, exceeded anything I ever saw or heard of. Between eight, and nine hundred men, cooper up in the most foul Bombproofs, with barely food, and water to sustain life, under a fearful fire day and night,

so that exposure was death, and for the last three or four days, not able to exchange a shot with your enemy: just waiting, and seeing your comrades brought in every hour, mangled or wounded, was a trial to these brave men. You seldom heard a murmur, but all must have looked forward to captivity, or death. These men I call Heroes. Any man will fight when there is an enemy before him, and he can return blow for blow or shot for shot, but put him in a place where he is being constantly shot at, unable to do anything but sit down and take what comes, without returning a blow, seeing comrades, and friends killed all around him. I say if men stand this, there are no better soldiers, or manhood in the world.

I remember one morning at Wagner, a heavy shell from the land batteries, struck a big square timber over a bombproof off from the headquarters, to the S.E. I think it was used as a hospital, the whole front fell in, blocking the passage way, and stopping up the entrance, so those in there (30 or 40 I think) would be suffocated, unless relieved. A detail was put on, to dig them out. It was from a Georgia Regiment, and was 12 or 15 men. At their head was a Captain, a short, thickset man, a Captain Benning, brave as a Lion, and cool as ice. The orders he gave, were for the men to go into the passageway, one at a time (for there was room for no more) and dig for five minutes. He was then relieved by another, and so on. The Captain stood by the entrance, with his watch in his hand to time them. Now that entrance, and passage way, was under heavy fire. The shells were bursting every minute or two. The fragments, flying all around, and the smoke often hiding the man working. I was standing close by, looking on, when it came to the turn of a big six footed man, to go in, for his turn. I can see him now, he had on an old blue Yankee Overcoat, and just a piece of shirt under it. He had a full face, light hair, and blue eyes, his face was white, and as he hesitated, and fumbled at his coat. The Captain spoke to him sharply, and he said yes Captain soon as I get off this coat. The Captain then looked at him good, and said quickly, d--d you, I believe you are afraid. The man jerked the coat off, threw it on the ground, and made a dash for passage. I saw his white face when he paused once. I saw him throw out a few spades full of sand, then a shell burst right over him. You could not see for the smoke, for a moment, and when I did see, the man was down on his knees, his head in the sand, and the end of his back bone sticking out several inches.

He had been struck by a fragment, across the loins, and nearly cut in two. The body was dragged in, and Cap. Benning picked up the shovel, jumped to the place where the man had been killed, and worked at the sand for more than five minutes. His men expostulated, but he waved them back, this scene made a great impression on me. The men in the bomb proof, were finally dug out, Another time I was sitting outside of the entrance to head Quarters at Wagner, with five or six others, the shelling was heavy. We knew it was not a healthy place, but the air there was a little better and we risked it.

After being there about an hour I suppose (for time was nothing) a large shell burst, it seemed to one, right among us, (though it was 15 or 20 feet outside). I was knocked over, the bench we were sitting on broken. I saw the fire from the shell, and the place was filled with smoke. Something struck me on the leg, just above the ankle, and down I went. I did not know for an instant whether I was alive or dead. I was partially buried. The boys grabbed me, and the first thing I remember, I was in the operating department, and the surgeon asking me what was the matter. There was a pile of legs and arms, and several dead bodies laying around, and the smell, Good Lord, I told him nothing except I was stun'd for a moment. D. W. C. Ravenal who was one of the surgeons, came up, and asked me if I would not like a drink of brandy. I must have looked my astonishment, for he laughed, and brought me a tumbler half full; this set me up. I had on a pair of what we called, half English cavalry Boots that came up half way to the knees.

I found that a piece of the brass sabot from the shell had hit me above the ankle, cutting the boot. But just breaking the skin. I always thought I got the best of that shell, for without it, "no Brandy."

I remember at another time, I was just outside the entrance to the Westside. A sentinel was kept there as a lookout, to report anything unusual. The mortars shells were coming down pretty thick, and I with others, was watching them. The sentinel was hugging the parapet closely, and watching, when a shell dropped very close to him. He made a break for some steps, (about 6 or 8) against the wall, and run under them, as he got there the shell exploded, and a fragment took his head, or most of it off. His cap was pinned to the boards holding the sides, and remained there all that day. After a hurried examination, the body was rolled as close to the wall as possible, and staid there until night, and another man sent to take his place. I dont think the steps were touched, the piece of shell passed between them, and if the man had remained quiet, he probably would not have been hurt.

The south wall of the Battery facing most of the Yankee Batteries, and the rifle pits of the sharpshooters, was a particularly dangerous place. Our sharpshooters, were near the top of the wall, and had to fire throug lookholes made of sand bags. Two bags were placed at an interval of four to six inches, across these, another bag was placed this formed the loophole and towards the end, the Yankees had worked so close to Wagner, and had got their shooting down so fine that all you had to do, was to cover one of these holes for three seconds with your cap and there was a bullet through it. I saw Captain Ogden Hammond one morning, (I think he was officer of the day), climb up to the platform, were the sharpshooters were, to take an observation. He was very quick about it, but as he turned to leave, a bullet cut his jacket across from shoulder to shoulder, as if done with a knife. He was not hurt. I saw one of our men push his gun through quickly, and fire at a Yankee soldier, who had got out of their trenches, and was standing up, as he fired. He sang out, "I got him," the next moment, he came rolling down the slope, with a bullet through his shoulders. They had got him too. I crawled up once or twice and took a peep at the Yankeets, working in the trenches, and took a shot for a sharpshooter.

The morning before the evacuation (I think it was) the firing from ships and batteries had been fearful all night, no let up, and daylight brought no relief. I was at Wagner that night for more than half of it, and when daylight came, I walked to the sally port, were many men had gathered. When I got there, I met Tom Chapman, a member of the 25th Reg. a Charleston man and a well known character. As I came up he said, Harleston had any breakfast, and I asked him where he expected any breakfast to come from, when there was not a mouthful in the fort. He pointed to the eastern end of the lines, where a small wooden structure had been built and was used to keep Bacon, and hard tack in. The heavy firing during the night had cut away the wall under which it was hidden, and soon as seen, was knocked to pieces. We could see sides of Bacon, and hard tack, scattered around in the sand. Chapman was a dare devil sort of a fellow, reckless, and bold, he said to me I have been watching, and thinking, for some time, and I'll tell you what we can do, if you notice, you will find the Yanks are firing from a battery well up the island, and they are firing in volleys, five or six guns at a time. Now if we wait, until the next volly comes, and then make a dash, one grab a piece of bacon, and the other some biscuit. We can get our breakfast, Wwill you try it with me". I considered a moment, and replied, I am your man. Done he said, as soon as the next volly comes, and it will be soon, we will start.

The point we were going to, was one hundred yards or more from us. While we were speaking, three men had started to do the very thing we had intended, they crept down the wall towards the beach as far as they could get, keeping out of sight of the Yankees. Then they made a break for the food, they got there, but before they had time to do any thing, two of them were dead, lying among the Bacon, the other was hit, but I heard got back. We saw all this. It was over in a minute. Chapman turned in a quizzical sort of way, and said, Harleston I aint hungry, and I answered quickly, neither am I, a cussed bit, "no breakfast that morning".

On the afternoon of the 5th, the Yankee signals were read, and it was discovered, Battery Gregg was to be attacked by Boats that night, and preparations were made to receive them, troops were sent down from Wagner after dark (the 27th Georgia Reg) and others, and the embrasure of one of the Big Guns at Gregg, was cut away so as to allow the Gun to bear on the creek, through which the Boats were expected.

I got down to Gregg from Wagner, about 11 or 12 oclock that night, and after talking with Charley Prioleau, we concluded to take a hand in the fight with the Georgians, and went over to where they were, found them in line lying down, outside and below Gregg. We tried to get Rifles from them, but they had none to spare, but told us they were spare guns at Gregg. Prioleau and myself went there, and after a little talk, they handed us out two muskets with some cartridges and a handful of caps. We went back to where our Georgia friends were, and laid down between them. Prioleau was two or three men to the right of where I was. As soon as I got there, I bit off the end of a cartridge and ram'd it in the gun, but it stopped some distance from the bottom, and while I was trying to force it down, and cussing the gun, Prioleau sang out to me, John whats the matter, and I said, I cant get my cartridge down, he said oh Lord man, the Gun was loaded when you got it. I tried mine with the ramrod and found it out. The men around had heard us and were tickled to death. They said why partner, you ought to be glad. There you have two bullets, and a handful of buckshot in your gun, and we have only one in ours. You ought to be proud. When that load gets among them Yankees, there wont be none left for us. I told them I did not feel very much elevated by it and offered to swap guns with any of them, so they could get the honour, and glory, this turned the laugh on them, and an officer nearby came to see what was the matter. They told him, and it made him laugh, and he said to me, well courier, what are you going to do about it. I replied, shoot her when the Yanks come, if it is the last gun I shoot in this war. He said, good for you, you can fill them old muskets chock full, you cant hurt them, if I was you, I would put another one in, but I declined. The Guns they had given Prioleau, and myself, were old U. S. flint and steel muskets, altered to percussion, big heavy things, made for work. I was more afraid the kicking than the bursting. I had shot them before on the plantation at Rice Birds.

This was amusement to the fellows, and they passed it up and down the line. Soon after one o'clock in the morning, we heard two or three shots from the guards down below us, and knew the Yankees were coming, it was not long before the leading boats shot out of the creek and spread out, two field pieces on our right opened on them with Grape, and Canister. The Infantry had received position orders not to fire before the word was given, then to aim straight, and shoot low. The next thing the 10 inch Gun from Gregg that was just behind us, and over our heads, let loose. We could see the Boats fairly well then, they were firing Grape from their Boat Howätzers at us.

When we got the orders to fire, I was all ready. I had the old musket well trailed, pressed her hard to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger. I heard her roar above the other guns, and she jumped up, and back, clear over my head, I thought my shoulder was knocked out of place at first, but I grabbed for the gun, and as she [sounded] all right, I kept on loading and firing until orders came to cease, just then I heard yells for a courier, and as it was my turn, I gave the Gun to Prioleau--to return, and in five minutes was carrying the news of the repulse of the Yankee expedition to Wagner.

This account has been spun out, much more than I ever intended, and an expert writer would have said all I have in one half the space, and words. I am not pleased with it, but if I tear it up, I will never write another, and as it is not history, and may serve to pass the time to some of my family, I let it stand. I would stop now but for one more explanation. I think absolutely necessary. Batteries Wagner, and Gregg, were evacuated beginning the night of 6th of September 1863, and early morning of the 7th. In Johnsons defense of Charleston (see Appendix page 116) Col. L[elle]? Keitts report of the evacuation of Morris Island has this in it. I ordered Cap. Huguenin down, sending word by Private Jn'c A. Stewart of the G 1st guard, the Cavalry couriers having left, without permission. Now these couriers were the Charleston Light Dragoons and the charge is uncalled for. These men were Col. Keitts equals in every way, and four of them afterwards laid down their lives on the bloody fields of Virginia. These are not men to be accused desertion for leaving without permission is desertion. I never saw or read Keitts report, until six or seven years ago, and was indignant when I read it, and wrote a strong denial and intended to publish it but was advised by friends not to. Col Keitt had gone, nearly all the couriers were gone too, and to start the question would do no good, and might make very bad feelings, they said, all that knew the Dragoons would know the accusation unjust.

Now this is what I remembered have happened, the night the Evacuation took place. I was the courier at Wagner. I got up there with dispatches I should judge, about nine oclock that night. There was an unusual stir going on when I arrived, men were hurrying about, orders being issued, and the garrison were assembling. Shortly after part of the men marched out, and took their way down to Gregg, others quickly followed, and in one hour and a half or two hours, the Battery was pretty much deserted. I remained near the Head Quarters. Officers and [men] were passing in, and out, all the time. I saw Cap Bryan repeatedly. He passed close to me, and saw me, and knew I was a courier. He appeared to be directing the whole movement of troops, and most successfully did he do it. He was everything then, where the least blunder would have exposed the movement and the last man there would have been killed, or captured. I believe it was entirely due to his skill, and coolness, that the garrison got away. I was by those Head quarters when Col Keitt came out, with some officers, and orderlies, and took his way down to Fort Gregg. I could have put my hand on him. Not a word was said to me by any one. I remained in that Bomb proof, I should guess, from a half to 3/4 of an hour after he left. I cant tell, but the place was deserted. I saw some men with lanterns looking around, I went to the Sallyport, and stood their awhile, looking out. I saw some men up on the battery among the Guns, I thought they were spiking them. I was worried. I did not know what to do. I knew the Head Quarters and garrison had gone, and did not know who was in charge up there at that time, or where to go to find out. There was not a living soul near me. I determined to leave. I started straight out among the sand hills, to get some shelter from the heavy firing, but the sand was so heavy, and I was so tired. I struck for the Beach, -I did not meet any one on my way down until I reached

Gregg. I passed one dead man soon after I struck the beach, with the surf running in up to his knees. At Gregg, I saw some men about 30 or 40 getting into the boats that were waiting on the beach, and more men. I took them to be Artillery men, coming in from the sand hills. I went at once to the Courier Head Quarters. There I found Charles E. Prioleau and I think Elmore (there was a courier with him anyhow). Prioleau said why were have you come from. We have been looking out for you for the last two hours, and thought you had been killed, or captured. I explained about my being left at Wagner and waiting until tired, and I asked what their orders were. They said they had none. I asked where the Sergeant was and was told he had gone out half an hour or more ago and they had not seen him since. I said let us go and look for him or somebody in authority for I have no idea of being left here, for the Yankees. We went out, down to the boats, were men were embarking, then to Gregg, we did not meet the Serg. or any one who could give us orders or information. One man at Gregg told us, the fuse was laid to the Magazine to blow the fort up. Just as soon as they got orders and he wished they would come quickly. We started back towards the Boats that were coming, and going all the time, and met near them Theo G. Stoney, and upon our report of our fix, and the absence of any officers to report to or get orders from. He advised us to leave in the next batch of boats then returning, while we were speaking, Ch Francis J. Porcher came up, and on hearing our position, joined with Ch Stoney in advising us to leave. They were waiting for the men from Wagner and there might not be room for us in their Boat. There were very few men then waiting to get off. They were coming in, in ones and twos from the sandhills, and when the Boats did come in, Stoney went with us, and told the officer in charge, who we were, and to take us, and we did go and put on a River Steamer, near Sumter, I believe. Col Keitt, and all his officers had left Morris Island before I got down there. There was no place for him to hide and we (the couriers) looked all over the place, from Gregg, to the end, and found no officer to give us orders or directions, and I have always thogght, and still do think, that the Cavalry Couriers at the evacuation of Morris Island were deserted(just forgotten) instead of deserting. My finding Prioleau and another at their Post when I came down shows they had been there all the time, waiting for orders, and ready for duty, and if not found, when wanted, it was not their fault.

*Cap Hug-
uinan, Cap
Pinckney,
Lt.Mazyck
and some
men

Just before leaving I wanted to shoot the little Grey Horse that had served us so well, but Mr. Stoney would not let me. I took off his bridle, and carried it in the Boat with me to remember him by, but when we got to the Steamer there was a good sea on, and trouble in climbing on board, and I forgot the bridle and left it in the Boat. We crept in among some [st] Ca. troops, and laid on the deck utterly worn out. One old North Carolinian recognized us, and said, aint you Couriers, and when told that we were, said well Boys I am powerful glad to see you. I never did expect to again. I don't see how you ever did get through. I used to watch you, he then remarked. I have heard the preachers talk about Hell, a great big hole, full of fire, and brimstone, where a bad fellow was dropped in, and I will allow, it used to worrie me at times, but Gentlemen, Hell cant be worse than Battery Wagner. I have got out of that, and the other place aint going to worrie me any more. I went to sleep, and when I woke up it was day light, and the steamer at the wharf in Charleston. No doubt it will be noticed that I speak much of myself in these papers. It is not from Egotism. I did no more and not as much as some of the Couriers. They went through what I did, saw what I did, and ran all the risks, and suffered the same privations. I could not see any way, but to show what I saw personally,

The following note was written by Mr. Harleston in the margin of the last page of his MS:

"Remember this was written entirely from memory, 38 years after they occurred, and I feel memory is very deceptive. I ~~may~~ be wrong in instances, but it is as I now remember."

Also note: The parenthesis are Harleston's, but the brackets are those of the copyist when he is not sure of Harleston's meaning or words.